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A GRADUATING CLASS IN THE SCHOOL AT GEDIK PASHA, CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH THE TEACHERS,
MISS JONES AND MISS BARKER

Life and Light

VOL. XXXV

AUGUST, 1905

No. 8

TYPHOON IN MICRONESIA. Just as we go to press letters come bringing some details of the terrible typhoon which struck the Caroline Islands on April 19. Only one house, a tiny hut, was left standing on Kusaie, and the Morning Star took the sixty girls of our boarding school to Ponape to establish them in the school building there. On arrival, however, they found the storm had wrecked everything on that island also, so the girls were carried back to Kusaie to live as best they can. Several natives were killed, and more were wounded. Miss Wilson had a rib broken by a flying timber, otherwise our workers are all safe. The food supply will be a hard question as almost all the cocoanut trees were destroyed and the breadfruit trees will need years to recover.

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. Miss Anna F. Webb and Miss May Morrison, teachers in the International Institute for Girls in Madrid, arrived in this country June 25. Since the death of Mrs. Gulick, Miss Webb has had a heavy responsibility, and she is now principal of the school. They must return to Spain in August, and the days between must be filled with many interviews and much business, some of it perplexing; still their friends will hope that this vacation trip, all too brief, may bring great refreshment of both soul and body to these faithful workers.

"IN THE NAME OF HER COLLEGE." Miss Alice Seymour Browne, for two years the efficient and beloved Secretary of Young People's Work in the Woman's Board of Missions, is one of the newly appointed missionaries of the American Board, and she plans to start for North China in September. She is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College in the class of 1900, and the college claims the privilege and the honor of providing her salary. A beautiful farewell service was held at the college, that all the girls might see and greet and remember the one who goes as their representative to a land in darkness. Miss Browne's own words are: "To be sent on the King's service in the name of her college—what greater honor for a Mount Holyoke

girl! Mount Holyoke has filled my hands with gifts for China, and now she says 'go.'"

A MISSIONARY Dr. and Mrs. De Forest, of Sendai, Japan, are so well known and so much beloved both here and there that a marriage in their family circle is an event of interest to many. On Tuesday, June 13, Miss Sarah De Forest, their oldest child, became the wife of William P. Pettus, of Mobile, Alabama. The ceremony was performed by Dr. L. Clark Seelye, President of Smith College, at the home of Mr. S. E. Bridgman in Northampton, Mass. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pettus have been at work in student volunteer associations, and they expect to go ultimately to Japan to join the missionary force in the land where she was born.

CHRISTUS LIBERATOR. Many of our auxiliaries are now completing four years of work in the study provided by the Committee on United Study of Missions. We have learned much of the progress of the gospel through the centuries in *Via Christi*, much of India in *Lux Christi*, of China in *Rex Christus*, and of Japan in *Dux Christus*. Now comes the new book on Africa, *Christus Liberator*, vivacious, sympathetic, instructive, a worthy successor to the preceding volumes of the series. As far as the writing and the book making go it is admirably done; what it shall be to us, personally and in our auxiliaries, depends on the use we shall make of it. Very much depends on the leaders of our study; others may be content to master a single topic or a chapter, but the leader must have the whole book well in hand, all its parts and their relation to each other. They will do well to get the book as soon as may be, with the accompanying set of pictures, and to go over it thoroughly for their own sake. Both knowledge and enkindling will come with a careful reading. Then go over it again with your class or auxiliary in mind, planning how the different sections can best be presented, which topics will best interest certain ones, and laying it out as a matter of practical handling. We must also be on the lookout for illustrative articles and pictures in the magazines and newspapers that we may have a rich fund of material as we go on through successive meetings. Such an article as the one on the Victoria Falls in the *Century* for June, 1905, gives a hint of the almost unknown wonders which Africa has in her remote places. We, here in America, can have only a very imperfect idea of the bondage in which lies the great continent of Africa and of the great need that we, free people, should send to those darkened souls the light that comes only from *Christus Liberator*. The price of the book is 30 cents in paper, 50 cents in cloth. Twelve copies or more to one address at one time for 25 cents each. The set of 25 accompanying pictures costs 25 cents. They can be obtained from Miss Ada R. Hartshorn, 704 Congregational House.



T. A. Elmer	A. R. Hoover, M.D.	Mrs. J. W. Emrich	Esther Finger	Mrs. N. O. Hanson	Peter Hanson	R. E. Hume
Isabella M. Blake	Lura Collins	R. S. M. Emrich	Mary P. Christie	Mrs. Amanda Walker	Thomas King	E. B. Adams
Edith Gates	C. H. Maxwell	Alice S. Browne	Laura Caswell	Henrietta Warren	L. B. Fritts	Diantha L. Dewey
		Mrs. H. M. Elmer	Maria B. Poole			

OUR NEW MISSIONARIES.—We are glad to introduce to you the group of workers who gathered at the recent Conference for new missionaries in Boston. They go full of devotion and high hope, and they are, in a way, our proxies in the field. Let us love them, and sustain them with our gifts and prayers.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS for regular work from May 18 to June 18 were TREASURY. \$7,820.73, less than during the same month last year by \$1,782.39. This reduces the total gain reported at the end of seven months, but still leaves a gain in contributions for regular work during eight months of the financial year of \$904.22. Yet four months, and then cometh the harvest. Will the bags be full of grain?

AN APPEAL We wish to call special attention to the letters from THAT APPEALS. Chinese women that appear on page 356. If we can at all realize what our religion means to us, the value of church and Sabbath, of Christian friends and teaching, of an open Bible in our hand and an immortal hope in our heart, we surely must respond to such a cry as this. How dare we call ourselves Christians if we turn away? From almost every one of our missions word comes to us of need just as great as this, of souls that are consciously starving for the bread of life—bread that we can give them if we will.

ONE METHOD Not simply because we believe LIFE AND LIGHT to be OF HELPING. worth reading do we wish for it a wide circulation, but because also we are very sure that Christian women sorely need the information that they will find in its pages, much of which they can get in no other way. Certainly those churches where not one copy is taken are missing much of knowledge, of impulse, much also of pleasure, we believe. One of our Branches has done a good thing in sending to us a list of the churches within its limits where no copies are taken, with a name of some woman in each to whom we may send a sample copy. These samples will go quickly on their way, and we hope for good returns. Will not other Branches follow this excellent example and so help us to be more useful?

CONFERENCE AT The thirteenth Eastern Student Conference of Young SILVER BAY. Women's Christian Associations held at Silver Bay on Lake George, June 23 to July 4, was attended by about seven hundred alumnae and under-graduates of the colleges, normal, preparatory and boarding schools of the Eastern United States. Six mission study classes and five Bible classes met each morning and were followed by conferences on methods of association, philanthropic and church work. At the morning and evening platform meetings, besides sermons on the Christian life, stirring missionary addresses were given and the claims of foreign missions as a life work were clearly demonstrated. Denominational rallies were held on the first Sunday afternoon, and at this time an enthusiastic gathering of Congregationalists listened to a brief survey of the work and needs of our Woman's Board.

MISS MARY SUSAN RICE. This name suggests a familiar presence in missionary meetings in Boston during all the history of the Woman's Board. Miss Rice was a Mt. Holyoke graduate, and gave her heart and strength to work in a foreign land when such a decision involved separation from home and friends with dim prospect that one would ever return. In 1847 she went to Persia under appointment by the American Board, and was five months making the journey to Ooroomiah. She became associated with Fidelia Fiske in the girls' school there, and remained till 1869, when failing health compelled her return to this country. She was wont to refer to her life in Ooroomiah as "twenty-two precious years." In her sister's home in Roxbury, Mass., June 20, 1905, she peacefully fell on sleep, the sleep which He giveth his beloved.



A Day of Opportunity in Japan

(From a letter by Miss Emily S. Hartwell, of Foochow.)

IT would seem impossible to visit Japan and see the quiet-loving people, industrious, painstaking, frugal, lovers of children to such an extent that it appears as if the fathers take more care of the little ones than even the mothers, whenever time permits, and then to think the Japanese go to war for the love of fighting! It certainly is their love of home and their belief that they have a mission in the world, and are responsible, not only for their own development, but also for the advancement of their neighbor, China, that has led them to go to war. It never seems to have occurred to any of them that there can be but one issue to the war.

It seems to me that if the time spent by some in expatiating on the yellow peril were expended in creating a yellow hope, the time of universal peace would come sooner. Righteousness is the only way to bring peace, and we need to talk and work for righteousness and peace will follow, as the plant follows the seed; sow righteousness and peace will grow and fill the earth.

The absence of boisterousness impressed me everywhere. At Yokohama station I saw three or four soldiers starting for military headquarters at Tokyo. They were accompanied by their friends to the station with banners and flags and a small band; the music was played softly, the talking was all in a low voice; there was no weeping; one little boy, whose father was doubtless one of the soldiers, was carried on the shoulder of one of the men so he could watch his father to the last; little groups ran ahead on the platform to be able to get the last look and utter the last "banzai"; all was

most orderly and there was no confusion, no regrets, only united shouts of "Banzai!" prolonged and mellow to the ear. Such calmness of manner could not help filling one with a conviction that such self-control must bring success.

At Okayama I went with Miss Wainwright and Mrs. Pettee to help feed the train of soldiers and sew on buttons. We stood out by the track and waved Japanese flags as the train of men came up shouting, in well modulated voices, "Banzai!" then we went into the room where their breakfast was spread, and filled bowls with a rich soup that was piping hot; soon the soldiers filed in and seated themselves at the tables. Each had a wooden box of rice and another box of vegetables and fish, and each a hot bowl of soup with meat in it. We went about replenishing the bowls as they became emptied. Our senior Bible woman of Okayama was in charge, and, as soon as the breakfast was finished, the women began to sew buttons on the coats that needed them. This is a real kindness to the soldiers and is much appreciated. It often leads to acquaintance, and the missionaries frequently give tracts or Gospel portions. After receiving her thanks Miss Wainwright would give a book. In the Gospels she had marked choice passages, and her teacher had written in each that the marked verses were those she had found most helpful. One day Mrs. Pettee was asked by a soldier if she remembered him. He said that she had sewed a button on for him on his way out and on his way back, and also on his second trip out. He said that this time he should not return, but he would never forget her kindness.

The missionaries, besides wearing their Red Cross badges, wear little American and Japanese flags. These are sometimes asked for by soldiers, and things they value are offered in return. All the workers at Okayama unite in prayer for their soldiers, as they call those they have served at the stations, when they first awake in the morning, and the knowledge of these prayers is a help to many at the front. One soldier has written Mrs. Pettee of many marvelous escapes, all of which he attributes to the prayers of Mrs. Pettee, whom he calls his spiritual mother. The last escape was having a bullet take the star off the front of his cap and instantly kill the man at his side. He thought himself a dead man, but felt he could fire a few more shots before he gave up; so he stood up in the trench and fired as fast as he could. Then he heard his officer call him by name and tell him to get down and not expose himself so. He stooped down and put his hand up to his forehead expecting to feel the blood flow, but he had not even a scratch; of his company there were only three or four left; all the others were killed or wounded.

It seemed very sad to me that there were not tracts and portions of Scripture for all the Japanese Bible women to give away, as well as to have Miss Wainwright have so few. These little last acts of kindness to those rushing to the front might tell so much more if more tracts and Bible portions could be furnished. All the Japanese can read, and in the loneliness of camp life and especially in the long days of convalescence, the Christian religion, which is fast coming to be known as the religion of comfort and cheer and hope, is what the officers realize will do the soldiers good and be a real help to Japan. A young Japanese approached a missionary with the question, "Are you gospel?" This is a unique way of putting it, but is it not a good question to ask ourselves, "Are we the walking epistles read of all men?" After all, that is the only gospel that really preaches to good effect. A Japanese soldier was met at the station by his wife and little daughter. He stood with his little girl in his arms as if he had no eyes for anything else. A missionary lady said to him, "It is hard to leave your little girl, isn't it? Aren't you sorry to go?" With his eyes full of tears, he controlled his voice and answered, "No, I am not sorry to go." Are we such soldiers of the cross as that? If so, would we not sacrifice more for our cause?

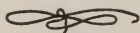
I have greatly enjoyed my visit in Japan at this time of war, and I feel that I have learned much. I have not time to write now of the many schools I have visited, but will leave that for another time. There could be no greater contrast than that between Japan and China in cleanliness. One cannot help feeling that it will be a blessing to the rest of the world if Japan has a large share in the reconstruction of China, for it is a herculean task to think of cleaning up China. When Japan grasps the great question of microbes, and by means of the Red Cross Societies fills all the cities of the empire with practical lectures on hygiene, so that the principles of cleanliness and laws of health can be largely grasped by the common people, we cannot but hope that they may find some way to help teach the Chinese the laws of health, of which they are totally ignorant.

It seems to me that it is suicidal for the home churches to be so indifferent to the great opportunities to preach the gospel in the Far East. It will be far cheaper and wiser to send teachers to Japan and China, and remodel American laws to admit students to American colleges and universities, than to neglect these opportunities till they encroach upon our own shores. Does not the church in America need a new propaganda? Shall not we take as a watchword the lesson Japan is teaching Christendom to-day by saving China to save Japan, and make it our motto, "Save the world to save America"? It holds as true of nations as of the individual that "he

that saveth his life shall lose it." If you could see the difference between the Japan of twenty years ago that I first passed through, and the Japan of to-day, you would get your poles hoisted in the air for the "banzai" of a greater victory even than that of the fall of Port Arthur. Twenty years ago the strongest impression of my stay in Japan was that of a land of two-headed babies, for it seemed that every child big enough to walk had another tied to his back. Now such sights are infrequent, but at the noon hour you see an army of children fill the streets.

It was a quaint sight that rainy day in Kobe. Each little boy and girl had an umbrella in one hand and a bundle of books in the other; they were chattering along like happy little birds in their bright colored kimonos, with the clitter, clatter of their wooden clogs so appropriate for wet weather, the yellow of the wooden clogs matching the yellow of their oil silk umbrellas. Occasionally an unromantic foreign umbrella threw its black shadow over the pretty scene, and two stray boys with ulsters and hooded capes braved the rain with no umbrella. Alas! the prosaic Occident will soon rob the Orient of much of its picturesque coloring! If only the world could see that one can be "gospel" just as well in a Japanese or Chinese coat as in English clothes! And that a child can get just as much geography, arithmetic and Bible in a flowered dress as in a plain one, would not the world have just as much gospel and more beauty? If only the renaissance of a simple art could lead us Christians to invest in missions what demoralizes us in over-adornment, beauty of surrounding as well as beauty of soul would result.

To me this visit in Japan has been one of remarkable uplift. I feel that "my eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;" that Christians should rejoice to see a nation with one purpose, with faith in a great mission in the world, a faith so strong that they are willing to die for it. Never believe it if they say the Japanese do not care for life; they only care more for what is dearer than life—home and native land.



Hanabatake, the Slum of Okayama

BY MISS ALICE P. ADAMS

HANABATAKE is the daimyo's old flower garden. It is long since he did anything in it and the weeds of vice and sin have grown tall and rank. Thirteen years ago when we wanted to set out a plant of Christ's love there we felt the weeds would choke it out, so until the ground could be prepared, we invited the children to our house for a

Sunday school. After three years of seed sowing in this way in the hearts of the children the feeling toward us in that neighborhood began to change and we felt the time had come when the ground could be worked more actively, and, renting a house, we opened a day school which was free to all the children. Seven only came, but we were not discouraged as we knew more would come as soon as they began to trust us.

Many seeds of kindness and love were sown in the early days of the work which have grown until in this garden of weeds we have the following plants, which are helping to add beauty and sweetness to the whole neighborhood: a Sunday school with an attendance of over one hundred, a free primary school, the dearest Junior C. E. Society, a woman's meeting once a week, preaching services twice a week, morning prayers for the people living on the place, night classes for boys and girls at work in the factories, and a free dispensary.

The Sunday school has seven classes, one being for the fathers and mothers of the children. For a long time this class existed only in our hopes, perhaps getting one or two once in a while, but now we often have an attendance of twelve or more. Most of them cannot read but they can listen, and that is all we ask.

The primary school is rejoicing in the new building which has just been put up and now the children sit at desks in a well lighted room, where the rain never comes down on their books through the holes in the roof as it used to do. In addition to the regular branches taught in the primary schools they have four hours a week of manual training where they are taught to make envelopes. There are now thirty children in the school, and next month we shall take in a new class which will make our two school-rooms full. We have as a teacher an earnest young man who might be in some place where he would receive a good salary, but because he loves the work we have been able to keep him, though we can only give him six dollars a month. So many men have been killed in the battles, and prices everywhere are higher, I fear we shall lose him if we do not raise his salary to ten dollars a month. These children will have no education if we do not give it to them and this will mean that in the coming years they will be the ones to fill the jails and prisons. Can we drop this work? No, but we must if you do not come to our help. Up to this time I have met the salaries of the teachers with contributions, but as we are now having very few travelers on account of the war, I find it hard to do so. I said teachers, for in addition to this man we must have a woman to teach sewing and look after the industrial department. I now give her three dollars and a half a month, but she ought to have more.

Among the school children we have a wide-awake Junior C. E. The children lead the meetings and their little prayers are often very touching. All my helpers are Christians, but to enter all the doors in this part of the city now open to direct Christian work we must have a man who devotes his whole time to the evangelistic work. Seven have already been baptized and there are many more inquirers. Last evening we had over seventy at the meeting, among them men and women who had been gamblers, beggars, drunkards, and questionable characters. All can now sing the pure, sweet gospel songs and listen reverently and earnestly to the old, old story. Re-



STREET SPRINKLING

form is slowly coming to this neighborhood and we hope it may in the future be once more a real flower garden with the weeds all rooted out.

I said that at first we rented a house, but three years ago, through the kind help of the many friends of Hanabatake, by borrowing a small sum, we were able to purchase a lot well situated for the work and having on it some old buildings which we have used until this fall.

Just before summer our attention was called to the suffering of these very poor because they could not get medical assistance when ill. One poor little boy, seven years old, became totally blind because he did not have

treatment, and several died. Many of the best people in Okayama were much touched when they heard of the sufferings of these people, and helped us to get up a concert, which was a great success, the profits being \$270. As we were building we decided to put in rooms and open a free dispensary, using the concert money to purchase the medicines and apparatus needed. To complete the building we had to go into debt, but we know you will all want to help, so shall expect the money soon. Eight doctors and two pharmacists from the large city hospital are gladly giving their services for the work, coming every day except Sunday, from three to six in the after-



VEGETABLE DEALER

noon. That we are able to better the condition of these poor sick people makes me rejoice, but I feel that for these men to give their services in this way shows the progress Japan has made. I do not know that such a work is found anywhere else in this country. We opened the free dispensary February 15, and up to the present date we have seen ninety-three different patients. A few who need to be under a doctor's constant care have been put into the city hospital as charity patients, and if necessary others can be sent there in the same way. Every day I put on my nurse's uniform and assist the doctors while they are at the dispensary. This

medical work is going to be a great help to our evangelistic work, taking us into many homes that have been closed to us before. I am glad we have begun it, and we must let nothing prevent our continuing it.

As I am the only foreigner responsible for this work you will know that it takes much of my time, thought and prayers. My house is about ten minutes' walk from Hanabatake, and this often is inconvenient, so I have had two rooms built over the dispensary for my use. I shall not make my permanent home there as it is not a very healthful location, but all of my days and some of the nights will be spent there.

Everyone will realize that this has grown to be a great work, and to carry it on requires some money. We get some contributions here, but not half enough to meet the running expenses, so please put your hands in your pockets and give generously to the Lord for this work which is his.

The poverty and filth in many of the houses is appalling, but I rejoice to say that an inquirer's house can always be told, because as they realize the sin in their hearts they see the dirt in their homes and a cleaning up takes place. Truly cleanliness is next to godliness.

I want to ask you also to pray for this work and for these people. With your prayers and money a great deal may be accomplished toward renovating this whole neighborhood.



Work in Plague Time

BY DR. LOUISE R. GRIEVE

THIS year—I mean the year just passed—has been a struggle right through, with little result, a year of turning away unhelped those whom we should have helped because we had no place to take them in, or because we had not the right medicines, or sufficient quantity. This plague season our number of plague attendance went over nine hundred, old and new, but we had a larger proportion of deaths than last year or the year before. Looking over my treatment I find I have had to cut down doses of medicines to one half or one quarter what they should be, and so the people died. Women, and men too, and children, died in the deserted houses uncared for, and we had to leave them there to die because we had not even a shed to put them in or anyone to take care of them. My one helper and I did our best but there was too much to do. At last the municipality, through the collector's influence, gave us the use of a building for a time, but it was too late then, and only two were saved in it.

Our city dispensary has been open since September, but I wrote to you about it before. The attendance has never been large. The people were discouraged by being put off so long, and we can encourage only those to come who can pay, as that is our only source of income. Some very nice women do come, and Brahmin women are beginning to come more freely

by themselves. We have a good many Mohammedans, and they are more purdah than any other women here. They usually come in tongas, or carts, completely covered with a sheet-like outer garment, which hides their faces as well as their beautiful silk garments and jewels. I am very fond of the Mohammedan women, they are so gentle and trusting and affectionate. We have some Parsees and Mabrwaris (Jains) too. There is one sect here devoted specially to Krishna who seem to have taken me as their regular doctor, and I am quite interested in them. They are from the higher castes, but do not recognize caste. They do not marry, the men and women living separate. Little children are given to them, and they educate them, and seem very kind to them. I was surprised to find how well educated and intelligent their women are, and also how clean they are. They dress in light gray. All life is sacred to them,



BRAHMIN PATIENT

and if they find a dead ant, or such thing, they say some formula over it.

But, of course, our largest attendance is Hindu, and to these high caste women who rarely go outside their houses, I am a great source of wonder. Two Brahmin widows, a mother and daughter, sat for a long time the other day after the other patients had gone. They were asking the Bible woman all about me—Did I go home to my husband at night? No! Why was I not married? Lydiabai explained I did not marry because I wanted to do

God's work. So they asked, "Which God?" And Lydiabai explained it was the true God, our creator, and so on. Presently one woman quite brightened up and asked was it not Krishnader whose work I was doing. That gave Lydiabai a chance to tell them about Jesus Christ. They seemed never to have heard of Jesus Christ or his religion any more than if he had never come into this world to save them. And they represent the majority of the high caste women here. The lower caste women often know a little about him, but rarely the high caste. The high caste men know more, but they do not consider their women wise enough to talk to on such subjects. The men say their ideas are nothing, but they must keep them for their women and the lower castes who are too ignorant to understand a God who is spirit, and so must have gods whom they can see to worship.

The great Hindu Holi festival is going on now, and yesterday the goat was sacrificed in



GIRL WIFE



TWO WOMEN

front of the old king's palace. The goat is held and Brahmin men pound it on the head with their fists till it is dead. Then they eat it up, each one eating a little bit of the flesh. A Brahmin man who took part last year said he never would again, it was so cruel, and a thing must be cruel when a Hindu says so. The Meharram, the great Mohammedan festival, is just over. With the two coming together this year everything is given up to them. The Mohammedans and Hindus

take part freely in each other's festivities. Many of their practices are very disgusting, and we shall be glad when it is over.

For nearly five months I have been living out in tent and huts, as the house was infected. But even in the huts, my servant, his wife and child, all took the plague and died, and his little brother who had been living with him also died. He was a faithful servant, and I feel very sorry about him and them all. These rented houses are always rat infested and unsafe. We could not get off that place for ten days after they died, but finally I got a camping place by renting a little house belonging to the military. It was not habitable, but there was a good open sunny space, and I was thankful no one else took it. They are putting a new roof on the house, so I expect to get into it soon. It is hardly safe in the hut now that the sun is so hot. It goes to 104 degrees in the tent nearly every day, but the evenings are delightful, and I have been eating my dinner outside in the moonlight. I hardly expect to get to the hills this year. I was here all through the hot season last year, and it was not really bad.



Country Work and Country Sights in Spain

BY MISS ALICE H. BUSHEE

TAUSTE is a country village of about 4,000 inhabitants, the farmers who till the fields around the place living together and going out to their work every day, sometimes four or five miles. They prefer to do that way rather than live on the farms. The village is not like the pretty New England village with the wide street and green lawns and beautiful trees. The streets are narrow and crooked and at this time of the year decidedly muddy, and the houses are rather low and most of them of a dirty mud color. But a little later the fields all around are green and beautiful and there are trees at a little distance, and far away the beautiful mountain of Moncayo covered with snow; it was a fine sight from my seat at the table.

Sr. Agustin Saenz (father of the bride) is a remarkable man. He is only a farmer, but when he was a young man (shepherd boy) he found out about the Bible and finally bought one. He told me that many things in the Catholic Church made him wonder and doubt their efficacy. He was converted absolutely by the Bible and when he said this he added, "Last year when the centenary of the Bible Society was celebrated I did all that I could to send my part, and I shall continue to send something every year as long as

I live if it is only a peseta. I owe everything to that." He and his wife have had very little education, but what they know they can impart to others, and for many years this faithful worker after spending all day in the fields would come back at night and have an evening class to teach others to read and write and then once or twice a week hold the meetings. He can explain too in a graphic manner with homely but pithy illustrations. I remember once when a pastor was trying to explain to some people who had never known anything about the Bible that they ought to read it, but that sometimes a small portion was better than to read a great deal, Sr. Agustin took it up and said: "Yes, you see it is like this. You know there are some men who might eat six pounds of meat. A pretty big thing to do, but they might accomplish it. Well, how much good do you think it would do them? They could not digest it all and they would have been much better off with less. It is the same way with the Bible. You may read a lot, but you will not be able to digest it all and you would better do what I do and read a little and think a great deal." He has a very small library and a great desire to read, so what do you suppose the larger part of his books are? Twenty-five volumes of the best Spanish Encyclopedia similar to our Encyclopedia Britannica, and four immense volumes of *Historia Universal*! He reads them too and enjoys them.

Sr. Saenz has three children, Lidia, the oldest, a son about seventeen, who is following his father's footsteps, and a little boy. Lidia was with us about three years and came knowing almost nothing, a regular country girl, who knew more about tending sheep than about reading, although it is true she could read and write. She was not remarkably bright and we thought that she would never be able to do very much, but during the last year she improved so much that we felt greatly encouraged. She went to her home in July for the summer vacation when everyone else was going to rest, and in about a month we heard that she had opened a school in the little schoolroom (used also for a chapel in her father's house) and had ten children. The other schools were closed for the summer and the parents were glad to have the children taken care of. Soon she wrote that the number had gone up to thirty and then fifty and eighty, and before the summer was over the girl actually had about one hundred twenty children. Of course when the public schools opened in the fall her numbers went down, but most of the time since then she has had from fifty to eighty to take care of. She has taught right along, summer and winter, for the last three years and is a delightful instance of what a willing heart can accomplish.

About two years ago a young man who was engaged in one of the well-to-do families in the village remarked to his friends that he wanted to get

married but that he could not find the right person, it was so difficult to find a good woman and one who would be faithful to her husband. The friends told him there was one such and she was the Protestant school teacher. Jose set out that night to find her, and went to enter the night school where Sr. Saenz was teaching. He knew more than his teacher, but he stayed on two or three nights until he had a chance to see Lidia, and Spanish fashion, put a letter into her hand. She gave it to her father, and after various consultations relations were fairly established between the young people. When she wrote me about it I asked her if she was going to be married immediately, and she replied, "No, indeed. Until Jose shows very clearly that he is a Christian young man, the marriage will be postponed, for that is the principal thing." She has kept her word, for the young man after studying in Tauste for some time under the direction of Sr. Agustin and helping in the meetings there, was finally called to help in another mission and in these two years has studied the Bible to such an extent that it would put to shame many a person who has known it from infancy. Not only can he quote the verses that he needs but give book, chapter and verse. He seems thoroughly in earnest and I am much pleased with the two young people.

His father is a farmer and he and the oldest son came to the wedding dressed in the regular Arragonese costume, exceedingly picturesque. The wives did not follow their costume so carefully, but I presume that as they were helping somewhat they did not want to spoil their best dresses, for this suit as given in the card for the men is oftentimes very nice—velvet, broadcloth, silver buttons, etc.

We had a regular banquet for the wedding dinner, only served a little differently from what would be the custom at home. First a course of soup, then a course of cabbage, then another course of a kind of dried pea, boiled meat with pork and sausage, chicken with meat balls and peppers, roast mutton or rather lamb, roast caprons, pudding, peach sauce, cakes and coffee. The caprons we finally concluded to save for supper as we had had so much already. It was a very gay affair and we sat a long time at the table while the mother and her sister-in-law prepared everything and served the table. Everything was very primitive especially the number of dishes and the table manners, but every head was uncovered (even the Arragonese handkerchief taken off) during the blessing and more than once the conversation turned onto religious matters. One could see that for Sr. Saenz personal religion was always uppermost in his mind.

In the evening the religious ceremony took place. According to the Spanish law the Protestant pastor has no right to marry, so after the civil

ceremony nothing more is required, but among almost all the Protestants this service is held, which in the United States would be the wedding. The night before there had been a meeting and Don Carlos preached to about one hundred, as, of course, all wanted to see the bride if it were possible. Saturday night the chapel and the hall and the adjoining rooms did not begin to hold all who came, and it was calculated that about three hundred and fifty people must have been around the house trying to get in, some of whom succeeded and some of whom did not. The groom was accompanied by his older brother in his fine costume and the bride by myself. We four sat in front. After the ceremony there was a sermon for the benefit of the audience and the auspicious day closed. We did not have the jota danced but we did have a good time and nothing happened so far as I know to cloud the day.

One thing more about Tauste. If the friends at home who have the large sized picture rolls for the Sunday school lessons could see how they are prized in this house, I am sure that some more would find their way there. The walls of the little chapel or schoolroom are hung with them, and two or three of the rooms upstairs, so that once a visitor comes in, his attention is immediately called to the bright colors (even though they may be very inartistic) and there is a chance for the little gospel talk. Sr. Agustín was planning when I came away to take one of them down to the next Sunday service as a basis for his talk.

Guillermo is a brave young man just returned from serving his term as a soldier. At one time he was sent to the church and to the confessional. The priest asked him when he had confessed before that, and he said that morning. This surprised the priest very much and he inquired into the matter and found the young man meant that he had confessed to God in his own room. He asked what right Guillermo thought he had, to do that, and he replied with some Bible verses which angered the priest very much. He left the confessional and rushed out to the captain and told him that young man was a dangerous character and that he must not be allowed to talk with the other soldiers, but ought to be shut up. The captain reproved him severely and it looked as if the young man's future would not be very happy. But not long after he received notice to go to visit another priest, and although his friends thought it was a risky thing to do, he went and was much surprised to have him say that he had been a brave young man to do as he did, that the world would be better if all followed their convictions in the same way and that the captain himself would see it by and by. Why this priest should have told the young man this we do not know, unless he was a believer in secret. Guillermo kept on with his work faith-

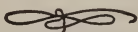
fully and after a time the captain himself took him as an aid and brought him to Madrid, where he acted as a favored private helper to the captain and passed through a number of interesting experiences.

Two of the interesting sights in these villages were the wine cellars and the place where the oil is made. The cellars are dug into the earth and there are immense hogsheads of wine kept there. These are arranged so that they can be connected with the vats a little higher up in a kind of small tower, where the men go in and tread the grapes. The cellars with their little towers looked like a small village by itself just outside of the village of human beings.

The oil making was very interesting. The olives were first crushed between two huge stones, one flat like a mill stone and the other upright, a poor, tired looking horse going round and round dragging one over the other. Then the pulp was put into the press and the oil flowed out into the receiver. They had to mix warm water with the pulp for some reason, but the oil rising flowed into one receiver while the water went down into another. One thing happened which seemed very homelike. As we were standing there watching the process, a man came up and offered us popped corn, just as white and nice as any that we have in New England. It was the first I had had for a long time and was good. They say it grows around in the corners of the fields and the men like to eat it while they are there watching the horse go around and the oil drip out. They called it *palomitas de maiz* (little corn doves).

Everywhere that I went I saw the difference in the homes and ways of living of the girls who have been brought up in this school and those who have not, in cleanliness, order, table manners and general culture. I have come back more of an optimist than ever in regard to the work in Spain, especially among the villages. The meeting in Rincon, the schools wherever I have been, the fine Christian Endeavor Societies, etc., have all impressed me. Lidia's husband said that when he went to his home in a neighboring province twice since he had become a Christian he had held meetings in the rooms of the Republican Club as there was no other place, and the rooms were full to hear him talk.

Work must never be stopped anywhere here; let it be increased. How can we leave the fields white for the harvest?



THE Christian life is not merely ourselves getting into heaven, but bringing the spirit of the heavenlies to bear upon the earthly conditions that surround us; bringing the forces, and the power, and the influence of the Divine life to bear upon the darkness, the ignorance, the squalor, the wretchedness, the dirt, and the sin of this earth life.—*Willis R. Hotchkiss.*

An Appeal from Chinese Women

A document presented to the great American Woman's Board. Dearly beloved General Secretary and all who bear office, honorable ladies, a thousand of happiness and peace to you.

ON the second moon and second day we listened to the two ladies, Mrs. Peet and Mrs. Hubbard, telling us how the present year the Woman's Board is so very lacking in money sent out here, less than one half of what it was last year. And all of us hearing this were completely saddened, greatly fearing what may be the consequences to the missionary work in the Lower River District. Therefore all of us with one accord prayed to God to dispense his grace, that the Holy Spirit may come in great power upon the Christians of America and China, that they may together put forth strength, and with double warmheartedness do the work of the Lord; and thus will Mrs. Hubbard not have weariness of heart and of labor overmuch.

We sisters of the Woman's School have much zeal in the training in the Scriptures and in the doctrine of the salvation of the world, preparing that at a future day we may go forth and do this work of teaching to others. This is much like the soldiers who must day by day be in training to do the work of battle. But if the soldiers who go out to battle are lacking their rations, how then are they going to have strength to conquer the enemy? Or how is a person with only one hand to do work? Certainly there must be two hands for the proper accomplishment of work.

Wherefore all of us would unite in writing this letter, beseeching you, the Secretary, and all who bear office, great persons, to pray for and pity us women in the Lower River District of the Foochow Mission; and we would thank you yet more fervently to persuade all Christians, whether rich or poor, to together put forth strength to lay up treasure in Heaven by giving more money to the Woman's Board, and thus help in the salvation of the women in this field. So shall the missionary work of the women more and more prosper, just like the missionary work of the men, important in that it may bring many women to believe in the Lord, and thus obtain salvation, to the "glory of God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

It is only as all with one heart do their best in giving money to the Woman's Missionary Society, with a heart of love towards God and man, that this exceeding good condition of things can come to pass, which is my heart's great desire.

LANG SENG WOMAN'S TRAINING SCHOOL,
Mrs. Lau, Assistant Supt.

PAGODA ANCHORAGE, CHINA, March 17, 1905.

The writer of this is our pastor's wife, one who has had long years of experience, and a woman of sterling Christian character. She has brought up a family of nine children, all of whom are now away from home, either as pupils in schools or filling important positions of usefulness. It would be most difficult to find the right person to take her place if she should fail us. May she long be spared.

1905, 2d Moon, 3d Day.

To the General Secretary and others who bear office in the Woman's Board, honorable ladies, you whom I love—all peace be to you.

I have heard the good news that there is a chance for me to send a letter, so I improve the opportunity to write a few words to salute all you ladies and to render my thanks. Some years since, through the abundant grace of God, I received so much love and help from you, great ladies, and also Mrs. Hubbard's love and efforts, who taught me how to read, and to know more fully the doctrine of our Lord. Therefore I, according to my ability, teach to others the books that I have learned myself, and according as I have heard the gospel myself so I repeat to others that they too may hear.

Daily do I remember you in all my prayers, that God may confer abundant good upon you all, giving health and strength of body to do the Lord's work. I beg that you will constantly remember, pity and help us, the women of the Lower River District, for we are all like unto blind people, poor and sorrowful, with no one in whom to trust. You must open our eyes.

Lately I have heard Mrs. Hubbard say that the money received this year for woman's work in her charge is only one half of last year's, even less. Hearing these words I am extremely sorrowful and am constantly praying the Lord that he will send yet more abundant grace to incite your hearts, that you may again put forth strength in urging our sisters in America, that they may be pleased willingly to contribute for our help; and thus, also, to save Mrs. Hubbard from overmuch sadness.

Now I beg that you will constantly pray for us that the work that we do may redound to the glory of God. This is what my heart most earnestly desires.

LING GENG-SING,

Humbly saluting, presents.

PAGODA ANCHORAGE. March 16, 1905.

The author composed this letter herself; I have merely translated it. She is a young woman of good ability, was trained in the Ponasang Girls' School,

afterwards came to me to learn the Romanized system, which is what she refers to in saying I taught her to read. She has her mother, little sister and little child to support. Her husband is an opium smoker. We find her of great help.



The Albanian Girls' School at Kortcha

In sending this report Miss Ellen M. Stone writes: "The enclosed report of our only school in Albania—and the only school in the entire country in which the Albanian language can be used—gives an idea of the brave work of two of our Constantinople College graduates. Miss Sevasti Kyrias graduated there in 1891, and her sister, Parashkevi, in June of 1904. I want people to pray for and love this lonely school."

THE year 1904 is perhaps the most remarkable epoch in the history of the Albanian Girls' School. Serious causes brought many unpleasant events, such as closing the school year without the usual "closing exercises," the prohibition of the Albanian language, etc.

During this last year the government has taken the strictest measures to prevent the circulation of Albanian books, and to prevent the people from corresponding in the Albanian language. In the beginning of the year I wrote a letter in Albanian to the parents of a student we have here who lives a few hours from the city, and the *kiridji* would by no means take the letter unless it was written in Greek. The persecutions have been from two sources, for beside the government there is the Greek Church, whose greatest desire is that this school should not exist. In the beginning of the year the Bishop, for several weeks in succession anathematized everyone that has anything to do with us. He referred to the school as an unsafe place for their daughters, etc. Not satisfied with all they said in church, the priests visited every family who had daughters in our school to threaten the parents.

Poor people! Sometimes we blame them for lack of courage, but I do not know whether it is right to do so when we think how they are punished for disobedience to their church,—either their dead left unburied or their children unbaptized. May the Lord make them to understand the truth, and awaken their consciences that they may see that our purpose is to help toward the uplifting of the Albanian nation!

I was much impressed with the desire expressed by some influential people of having their daughters received as boarders for the sake of good Christian training. The other day a Bey expressed his deep regret that

Moslem girls are forbidden to attend our school as they used to do several years ago. The feelings he exhibited were more touching than can be expressed. At last he said: "We are not Moslems; we are Christians. We were forced to become such as we are now."



A CORNER OF THE ANNEX TO THE SCHOOL

The number of students is not large, nor did we expect to have a large number in the midst of such disturbing circumstances. But we do not lose heart. We hope and pray for the coming of better times. Of the thirty students we have eleven are boarders. They are doing well, especially in developing good characters. I was delighted the other day when a gentleman told me what a great change he had noticed in our girls from the time they began to come to our school.

We regret deeply that there is no preacher here. This regret is felt not only in the small circle of our school but also among outsiders. Religious services are held every Sabbath,—in the morning a prayer meeting; in the afternoon the Sunday school lesson. The Christian Association meets Fridays in private homes, with families who invite us to come as often as possible. Sunday evening services are also held regularly, and consist of singing hymns and searching the Scriptures. This helps our girls to gain a broad view of Bible truth, and impresses in them the spirit of true worship. Both teachers and pupils are sustaining a great loss by the absence of Miss Sevasti Kyrias.



Missionary Letters

INDIA

Mrs. H. J. Bruce tells of sowing seed by the wayside:—

YESTERDAY we went out some three miles on the Mahableshwar road and spoke to the people gathered here and there near their temporary structures. Sometimes they spread a mat for us to sit on. Then they wait for us to tell them something which will take their minds off from the prevailing despondency. We sing of Christ who came to give sweet peace, and intersperse what seem to be suitable remarks. Yesterday, just before leaving a certain group, it occurred to me that I would wind up with the story of Job. I had got to the day of Job's calamities, when one of the older women said, "That is enough of that story!" "But," I said, "the story has a good ending," and I hastened on to assure her of the same. They need the light and life which inspire hope—the blessed immortality offered by Christ!

After devotions in school this morning, I showed pictures in the *Graphic*, and gave the pupils some idea of the war news—in particular that "incident" in the North Sea which came so near plunging another nation in war. Such an one as King Edward should be honored, and prayed for; and we encourage the pupils to commit to memory verses in native metre, as well as the translation of the National Hymn which is played at almost every military station in India where there is a band.

Then I told the scholars something of the career of Dr. John Murdoch, the pioneer of general Christian literature for India and Ceylon. He first came to India in 1844, and it is said that all missions have claimed him as their own. In the year 1858 he became the Indian agent of the then newly established Christian Literature Society, founded as a memorial of the Indian meeting. He reminded others of Carey's noble watchword,

"Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God." The funeral took place on August 11, 1904. He sleeps well after his long day's work.



This photograph represents a woman who has vowed to give her hair to the gods. She divides it into tresses and anoints each tress with some gum. She then gives one part to one god, another to some other deity, or possibly all to the same according to circumstances. The women do the same thing with their little children, vowing to sacrifice their hair at a certain age, to obtain the protection of the gods.—*From Mlle. Cronier, Madura.*

Mrs. Holton, of Manamadura, South India, gives us a picture of one part of their work :—

Last week Mr. Holton, Henry (our six year old boy) and I made a three days' tour through the villages. We took the train here at Manamadura (something we could not have done three years ago), and went nine miles to Sudiur. There is a little church with walls of mud and a roof of small palmyra timbers covered with leaves of the same tree. We ate and slept in this church. In the afternoon, in a single bullock jutka, I went two and one half miles to another village named Parthippanur. There is no school or church here, only a few women taught by the catechist's wife in their homes. From this place we went half a mile to Paralai, where this same catechist's wife teaches a small school in another church made of mud

and palmyra leaves. In this school we heard the boys, girls, men and women repeat Bible verses, and then Mr. Holton and the pastor spoke to them about Christ, and how to live for him. It makes our hearts ache that none of these men and women can read or write, so the only way that they can know anything about the Bible is to have the catechist or his wife teach them the verses. Think what it would mean to you if you could not read or write one word.

After the meeting one woman came up to me and said, "I am not happy." I asked her why, and she replied, "I am hungry." I asked her when she ate last, and she said the night before; and it was then half past five in the afternoon. The rains have utterly failed, and many will go hungry these coming months. Many of these people have only one meal a day in the most prosperous times and when famine comes they suffer much. From this place we returned to the Sudiur church, and in the evening the pastor, who went with us from Manamadura, and Mr. Holton, held a communion service and baptized a baby. Our little boy was asleep on his bed in one end of the church while we were having service in the front part. Saturday morning, after "early tea," we went in another direction to a village called Mela Peringkarai, to another school taught by a catechist's wife. In this school was one boy about sixteen years old; he had been to school for fifty days during the last three months, but could write only two letters of the Tamil alphabet, and could not read at all. It takes a good deal of time and patience to teach these people. Here, too, the church was used as a schoolhouse. The teacher is not as faithful in her work as we could wish, but we must do the best we can with what we have. After speaking to and praying with them we went back again to the Sudiur church, ate our breakfast and took the train for Paramagudi, where a two bullock country cart met us and took us ten miles across country to Maharndi. Mr. Holton and the pastor being on their wheels went ahead and had the tent nearly up when Henry and I arrived. We were obliged to have the tent here, as there is neither church nor schoolhouse that we could use.

As it was late when we finished our dinner we had no meeting that evening. We have only six families here, so the meetings were small, the people sitting on the ground in the open air. No catechist lives here, but the same one that lives at Mela Peringkarai has charge of this village, although it is fourteen miles away, and he also has three other villages to care for. In the afternoon (Sunday) we went two miles farther on to visit Mela Thuval, where we have three Christian families and a Bible woman. She has only two girls reading with her, but they can repeat several Bible verses, and knew the story of the "Garden of Eden" very well. Monday

morning we were up before five, broke camp and were at home about noon, tired and sunburned, but glad to have seen the people. They need your prayers.

CHINA

Miss Osbome writes from Diong-loh:—

The rain has kept us from visiting our out-stations. We have been able to go out but two days. You who can ride on trolley when it rains do not know the inconvenience that rainy weather brings to us. The narrow earth paths get slippery and dangerous, the coolies obstreperous, and if we do arrive at our destination safely we are more than likely to find no class in session, because the women cannot go out in the rain. When our clothing is wet it requires days to dry it because we have only grate fires. Two Sundays we have gone out in the afternoon to our nearest village to try to find an opportunity to tell the "old story." We have been invited into heathen homes and have found some very interesting women. They are not clean and they smoke tobacco, but they are very hospitable and cordial. The husband of one is a member of the English Church and we hope she may become interested in "the doctrine" too. We found a Bible and a prayer book in the house. She would listen intently for a time and seem to understand, when she would blurt out, "How much will you pay me if I unbind my feet?" "How much did that cost?" We stayed until nearly dusk last Sunday and she quite insisted on our remaining over night and sharing her bed, for "there was plenty of room for three." "But," I said, "we would use all the covering." There was one old blanket. "Heigh oh!" she said as nearly as English can be expressed in Chinese, and opening a closet door, she threw down from an upper shelf a rough, red blanket, such as we use for horse blankets at home. But her cordiality was fine. We could think of no better excuse than that the cook would be expecting us back! And so he was, and sent a man out with a lantern to lead us home, though it was not yet dark.

It is just twelve at night. I have sat up to write this, as the mail closes to-morrow and days are too busy for anything but "Martha service." But He is not letting us forget "the better part."

But the business part of my letter must not crowd out the joy. We have such good news to tell you! A week ago Sunday every one of our twenty-six little ones (twenty-eight now) gave her heart to Jesus. They have been so intensely interested from the first and they came in a very simple direct way, yet each little child realized her sin and her need of forgiveness, and each one with simple faith accepted the atonement that had been made for her sin. It was so pathetic and touching to hear the childish voices con-

fessing the lying, disobedience to parents, and anger, which things meant sin to them. It was a great thing to have them recognize these as sins! Of course, their ideas of the Christian life are very crude and untrained and it will take much careful teaching and guidance to help them grow, but the turning of these dear childish hearts toward the Great Teacher gives us joy, for we know they have been received by Him who said, "Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Turning the little hearts to the source of life and love is surely beginning at the right end to convert the race. The women seem so dull and slow of heart and have so much of life and experience to prejudice their minds that our hope is in the children. And yet these dear women do come into the light. Our work among them is very encouraging. The Bible women are a faithful, consecrated lot of women as a whole and are doing a splendid work for our Lord in the midst of what is indeed a crooked and perverse generation. We are so glad to have this outside work with the school work. The villages are so far from school that the teachers and older girls cannot go out to work in the homes as they did at Ponasang, but we make a link between the school and the evangelistic work which they much enjoy. We report to the children our trips and they pray for the women and any special cases on our hearts.

The weather has been so pleasant—because rainy—that we have been walking to these places (incidentally, we save touring money) and to my great surprise I have been able to walk from seven to fourteen miles a day, a thing I never thought of doing at home where bicycle, carriage, and trolley were always ready. But we cannot do this after the weather is warmer. We were caught out one afternoon by the rain seven miles from home. We slept in a Chinese bed, ate half-civilized food, had long nice talks with the women and such a good time! It was worth the awful walk in the morning through the rain and clay mud.

NORTH CHINA

Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich gives a little glimpse of another side of missionary life from the usual round of visiting and teaching:—

Nearly a month ago I went up with two of our other ladies, Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Tewksbury, to assist Mrs. Conger in one of her farewell dinners to her Chinese friends. This, however, was a dinner to a number of princesses and court ladies, hence they were all Manchus. When an arrival was announced several of us went out into the court to receive them. They were always led in by eunuchs and a number of maids, women servants or slave girls following in their train. Among the guests were Princess Shun, the sister of the Empress (wife of Kuang Hsu), Princess Chen, (whose husband went to Germany to apologize for the murder of Baron

Von Rettler), several of Prince Ching's daughters and others. No one of all the princesses interested me more than the wife of one of the Mongol princes. It seems that the Manchu princesses either have to marry commoners or Mongol princes. This lady had such a capable, interesting face. She hired last year a Japanese lady and started a school for the Mongol children, using all modern books. I asked her if the children took the books preparatory to the classics. "No, why should they? I believe in arithmetic, geography, etc."

Miss Na, the daughter of Na Tung, one of China's foremost men, was most charming. She was pretty as could be, with such lovely teeth and bewitching dimples, while Miss Su, daughter of the prince whose palace was destroyed in 1900 by the Boxers because the native Christians found shelter there, looked like a person who would make herself felt wherever she is. Modest as could be, but intelligence and capability shone from every feature. Their dress was exquisite, and no hairdresser in France's palmiest days ever wore more elaborate coiffures. They must have arisen in the wee hours of the morning to have their hair arranged. It was of no small concern to them, for the young ladies took frequent happy peeps at themselves in their little mirrors hanging from their shoulder buttons.

When the dinner was over the serving women brought in powder boxes and they touched themselves all up, so that they were once more faultlessly complexioned. The manners of all were charming. Who can help but feel awed and pleased in the presence of beautiful Oriental manners, their courtesy is so perfect. To us they gave the cordial handshake, talking freely and pleasantly when we touched on familiar subjects. Mrs. Conger told them of her visit through Southern China, through schools, etc., and to the Philippines. How we shall miss our Lady Minister—a beautiful type of American womanhood. None feels more distressed than she over the foolish reports of her converting the Dowager Empress. Such reports only hurt her influence and the influence of America. How can she, whose only interpreters have been missionaries, preach Christian Science even if, as a representative of a government (in the sense that what her husband is, she is) she went against all our republican rules. Nothing would so soon bring about her husband's recall. One thing she said to us in speaking of it was so true, "I can't help being a Christian and expressing Christ in my character, for that is what is allowed to all of us—to be his and to try to live his life out."

We do hope Mrs. Rockhill with her Christian training—New England training—will be as true a type of noblest womanhood as Mrs. Conger from the good state of Iowa has been.

Dear Miss Lamson, please more missionaries. We cannot afford to quarrel among ourselves. We want Miss Browne; we think with her seminary training she is just fitted for Tung-cho. But oh! there is Pang-Chuang and Lin Ching in desperate need—two thousand inquirers in the Lin Ching field alone. Do send us more ladies—more. It is God's call; the inquirers he moved to ask for the Bread of Life. Oh, rich New England—richer New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey—tell those who can come, they must come; those who have means, they must send.

JUNIOR WORK

EVANGELISTIC

MEDICAL

EDUCATIONAL

Helps for Leaders

THE MISSION CIRCLE IN MIDSUMMER

BY MISS HELEN S. LATHROP

WHERE is it, O leader, and what is it doing? In the city churches, doubtless widely scattered for vacation. Do you suppose your children have any memories during the long summer days of its work and its lessons? Did you furnish your members with any bit of vacation work to take away with them? We know a leader who late in the spring invited a succession of "missionary parties" to her home, a dozen or so little girls each time. She had colored tarleton and bright worsted cut and ready, and asked each guest to make one or two Christmas tree bags while she told them about the school in Turkey where they were to be sent. Then a time was spent in playing games, in being interested in some curios, dressing up in foreign costumes and in having a simple supper; and each party went home feeling very sure there is much of enjoyment in missionary work, and agreeing enthusiastically to the proposal that they should each take home a number of bags to make up during the summer. Perhaps a pattern for patchwork, a two and a half inch square of cardboard, given or mailed to your boys and girls with the suggestion that they cut squares of any kind of colored cotton, or a request for nicely cut pictures, would result in a good supply of sewing or scrap book material for one of our foreign schools, as well as being possibly a great help to both mothers and children on some tedious stormy day. If the *Daysprings* come to you and are remailed be sure they will be appreciated more than any ever taken home from the monthly meeting, and through the new comradeships at the shore or mountain the little paper may be a seed dropped into good ground. Have you thought of sending a little note to each member, or a pretty missionary postal? A reply postal might bring you in touch with your scattered flock and make them feel very important and grown up.

If yours is a country mission circle the summer may be your most prosperous time. When the children are out of school they will have more leisure to come to your house, and the long afternoons are your opportunity to read and work with them. Where the summer visitor abounds a sale or entertainment may easily be a great success. Dispensing lemonade from a neat stand in some central and shady spot, or peddling nicely salted peanuts

on some hotel veranda, have brought many a penny into small treasuries. A young ladies' circle last summer reaped a rich harvest by serving ice cream and cake and candy in the church parlors one evening a week.

If you, a leader, are away for the summer, do inquire if there is a mission circle at the Congregational Church near you; find out the leader and exchange plans and experiences with her. It will surely help you and it may help her. If there is no mission circle possibly there might be before you return home.

If you are one of the leaders who had the privilege of attending the missionary school at Northfield last month you gained there some ideas worthy of a more active career than being kept in a notebook, and now is the time to decide how you will put them in practice, and to acquaint your officers and helpers with their share of the campaign, for the mission circle year that is most successfully thought out in the summer is the one most successfully worked out during the winter.

OUR WORK AT HOME

Our Daily Prayer in August

As we turn our thought toward North China, day by day, we may well remember the appeal of the mission for more helpers. At the annual meeting in 1904 the need appeared so imperative that those present entered into a solemn covenant not to cease to pray daily for reinforcements till ten single women should come to their help. Only one has yet appeared; must we not add our petitions that the other nine may hear their call and that funds be not lacking to send them. It must be that in this great country with thousands of educated Christian young women some can and ought to go.

After many months of health seeking on the Pacific slope, Miss Chapin returns gladly to her native land and to her post at Tung-cho. She is accompanied by her sister. Mrs. Sheffield, a teacher in the college, having also oversight of the boys' boarding school, finds time to prepare the Sunday school lessons used by the mission. Mrs. Galt makes one of those missionary homes which do so much good to all beholders, and finds also some time to aid in work among native women. Mrs. Wilder is now in this country on furlough. Mrs. Ingram, wife of a physician, must find continual appeals to her time and strength from cases of great need.

After thirty-two years of most devoted and efficient service as a missionary of the Woman's Board of the Interior, Miss Evans died on September 9, 1904. Who will go to carry on the work she so loved and for which she pleaded so eloquently? Miss Miner is now in charge of the Bridgman School for Girls at Peking, during the absence of Miss Porter on furlough.

The American College for Girls at Constantinople has from 140 to 160 pupils of twelve nationalities with twenty-six teachers. Its religious work is done through weekly Bible and Sunday classes, a Young Women's Christian Association prayer meeting, personal work with the students, the daily devotional exercises of the college and a preaching service on Sunday morning. Miss Patrick, the president, has many and varied cares to which she gives herself with unsparing devotion. Miss Dodd, daughter and sister of missionaries, besides teaching English literature and history of art, has been a guiding power in the Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Fensham has severed her connection with the college and has accepted a position in Beloit college. Miss Prime is superintendent of the boarding department and the business manager and the college owes much to her faithful care. Miss Griffiths teaches physics, chemistry, geology, Miss Jenkins English composition, and Miss Paton biology and physiology.

Mrs. Herrick has just returned with her husband from this country, where he has been soliciting funds for the work of publication of which he has charge. Mrs. Barnum, a veteran in the service, gives sympathetic interest to all forms of the work. Mrs. Peet and Mrs. Greene are home makers, a profession needing special grace in a Mohammedan city.

The work at Gedik Pasha is real city missionary work, with day, evening and Sunday schools, caring for the sick, helping the needy, living the gospel in many ways. Our frontispiece shows the graduating class of several nationalities in the English department of the day school.

Mrs. Marden has charge of this work and Miss Jones and Miss Barker are her enthusiastic and efficient associates.

The Girls' Boarding School at Smyrna reports 236 pupils of whom thirty-four are boarders. Miss McCallum is at the head of the school, an important and difficult place. Miss Pohl has charge of the training class, and her influence is widely felt for good. Miss Mills is now in this country hoping soon to return. The ill health of Miss Bartlett has compelled her to withdraw from the mission and Miss Halsey is training kindergartners at Trebizond. Mrs. McNaughton, Mrs. McLachlan, and Mrs. Caldwell have domestic cares, especially the two former, but they share in their husband's interest and devotion to the International College, a vigorous institution for young men with over 300 students.

The children who were made orphans in the massacres of 1895 are mostly able to support themselves now, but every month still brings pitiful little waifs to the care of our missionaries. They need our prayer, our love, our gifts.

Mrs. Tracy, beloved in two continents, returned to her home in the East in May last, pausing in Smyrna to visit her missionary son, Dr. C. K. Tracy. As wife of the president of Anatolia College her influence is far reaching and full of blessing. Mrs. White, busy with her own children, finds many ways to help the native mothers near her. Mrs. Carrington is now in this country.

Mrs. Riggs, long a missionary, has seen great changes in Marsovan, and much is due to her own Christian life and teaching. Besides caring for her own fatherless son Mrs. Smith has done much for the younger boys in the

college. The younger Mrs. Riggs is with her husband, in Constantinople, where he directs the work among the Greeks.

Miss Willard has the care of the girls' school at Marsovan, an important position. Miss Cull is in delicate health and her successor should go out at once. Miss Platt is a valued associate. Her skill in music is specially helpful, and the whole school is the gainer for her presence.



Annual Meeting

THE thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Park Street Church, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 8 and 9, 1905. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting specially for delegates will be held on Tuesday, November 7.

Entertainment during the meeting is offered to regularly accredited delegates appointed by Branches and to lady missionaries. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names to Mrs. Henry D. Noyes, 704 Congregational House, Boston, before October 9. For delegates and others who may wish to secure board, suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address.



United Study of Missions

NEW volume for 1905-6, *Christus Liberator*, an Outline Study of Africa, by Miss Ellen C. Parsons, is out. There is a fine map in colors in the front. The introduction by Sir Harry H. Johnston, who has held distinguished government positions in Africa and is the author of important books, like *British Central Africa*, is upon the geography, races and history of Africa. It is both fascinating and of highest authority. The chapters are six in number, the same as in preceding volumes of the United Study series. They are entitled as follows:

(1) The Dark Continent; (2) The Nile Country, Abyssinia, North Africa; (3) West Africa; (4) East Africa; (5) Congo Free State and Central Africa; (6) South Africa.

There are tables upon important events in African history, dates of explorations, and the missionary societies laboring on the continent. There are also a bibliography and an index, and between chapters there are scattered a few pages of literary illustrations. A guide to the study of *Christus Liberator* will be published in the autumn under the auspices of the committee and, as last year, a wall map and a set of pictures will be provided. The Women's Boards forward *Christus Liberator* prepaid, whether by mail or express, at fifty cents; paper, thirty cents.

Sidelights from Periodicals

JAPAN.—War news is found in the *Review of Reviews* for July, in *The Independent* for June 8 ("Togo, the Silent," and "What Togo's Victory Means to Us"), and in *The Outlook* for May 20, May 27, and June 17, where George Kennan continues his "Story of Port Arthur." An interesting article in *The Century* for July, "With Perry in Japan," gives some "personal recollections of the expedition of 1853-1854." Another point of view is seen in two articles which touch the ideals of the people: "Some Aspects of Japanese Painting," a critical study in *The Atlantic* for June, and "The Japanese Canon of Taste" in *The Independent* for May 25.

TURKEY.—Miss Mary Mills Patrick in *The Forum* (July to September) writes of "Women in Turkey," and tells "something of what is really being done . . . along educational and social lines."

FRANCE.—*The Atlantic* for June in "The Year in France" gives an account of the "gravest crisis France has known since the period of the great Revolution."

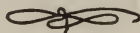
Bearing indirectly on this is a most interesting article on "Reform in the Roman Catholic Church" in *The North American Review* for July.

SPAIN.—"Alfonso XIII of Spain" is well described in *The Fortnightly Review* for June.

INDIA.—"The Political Future of India" is the title of a serious article in *The North American Review* for July.

An appreciation of Rev. Robert A. Hume in *The Congregationalist* for July 1 gives a fine glimpse of one missionary in the field.

E. E. P.



Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts from May 18 to June 18, 1905.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor, Brewer, Aux., 30; Houlton, Ladies' Miss'y Union, 20; Searsport, Givers and Gleaners, 5; Whiting, 1.50,

56 50

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord, Amherst, Aux., 15.25; Concord, Aux., 40; Derry, Central Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Hampton, Aux., 37.50; Hanover, Cong. Ch. at Dartmouth College, 50; Hillsborough Co., 10; Jaffrey, East, Aux., 21; Lyme, Prim. S. S. Class, 5; Manchester, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 35;

Tilton, Aux., 31.50; Troy (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Carrie M. Holman Bigelow), 30; Winchester, Aux., 18, 298 25

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas., St. Johnsbury, Barton, Aux., 15.80, C. E. Soc., 7; Barton Landing, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Brookfield, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Burlington, First Ch., Aux., 30; Opportunity Club, 30; Chelsea, Aux., 10; Fairlee, Aux., 21.50; Hartford, Aux., 19.80; Johnson, Mrs. James Holmes, 10; Manchester, Aux., 55; Newport, Aux., 6; Post Mills, Aux., Lenten Off., 8.15; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 7.83; Troy, North, Aux., 6; Waitsfield, Aux., 5; Waterville, C. E. Soc., 1,

243 08

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmoor, Treas., 8 Lenox St., Lawrence. Ballardvale, Union Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Bedford, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Medford, Union Cong. Ch., Woman's Chr. League, 2; Melrose, Aux., Easter Off., 18; West Medford, W. C. L. (50 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Clara O. Yorke and Mrs. Fannie L. Leavitt), 58; Winchester, Mission Union, 20; Woburn, First Ch., Mission Study Class, 10, Woman's Miss'y Soc., 20, 138 00

Barnstable Co. Branch.—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., Orleans. Falmouth, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, 5 00

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield. Adams, Aux., 35.54; Canaan Four Corners, Aux., 15.50; Dalton, Senior Aux., 156.92, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Housatonic, Aux., 19.64; Lee, Senior Aux., 300; Lenox, Aux., 20.44; Peru, Aux., 12.65; Top Twig, 4; Pittsfield, First Ch. Memorial, 55; West Stockbridge, 24. Less expenses, 32.28, 613 41

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., Bradford, A Friend, 1; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., Round the World M. B., 16; Whitefield, C. E. Soc., 5, 22 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas., Beverly. Lynnfield, South, Aux., 1.50, 1 50

Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., 18 Congress St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Second Cong. Ch., Aux., 6.10, Prim. Dept. S. S., 2.40; Young People's Alliance, 25; Northfield, Aux., 13.65; Orange, Aux., 27.73; Little Light Bearers, 1.77, 76 65

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Aux., 16; Hatfield, Aux., 25; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Sarah W. Reed, Mrs. Lucy S. Sanderson, Mrs. Alfred Fletcher, Mrs. George Gilbert, and Mrs. Frank B. Adams), 63.40; South Hadley, Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Mary E. Brown and Mrs. Mary W. Smith), 53.25; Williamsburg, Miss'y Heads, 5, 162 65

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas., Framingham. Coll. at Semi-annual Meeting of Branch, 14; Holliston, Aux., 45; Hudson, Aux., 10; Lincoln, Aux., 10; Milford, Aux., 50; Natick, Aux., 20, Whatsoever Soc., 5; South Framingham, Aux., 20, Young Ladies' Guild, 35; Sudbury, Aux., Lenten Off., 2, Young People's Club, 5, 216 00

Milton.—Miss Martha L. Richardson, 62 50

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Abbie L. Loud, Treas., Weymouth. A Donor, 10; Brockton, South (Campello), Aux. (of wh. Len. Off., 24.63), 89.63; Hanover, Aux., Lenten Off., 5; Hanson, Aux., 3.25; Milton, First Evan. Cong. Ch., S. S., 5; Plymouth, Ch. of the Pilgrimage, Aux., Th. Off., 30; Quincy, Bethany Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 16, 158 88

North Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Wayland Spaulding, Treas., Bedford Park, New York City. Harvard, Aux., 5; South Acton, Aux., 15, 20 00

Old Colony Branch.—Miss Frances J.

Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Taunton, Trin. Cong. Ch., Miss'n Band, 5.93, 5 93

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. May Rally Coll., 7.21; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 113; Ludlow Center, Aux., 9; Southwick, Aux., 17.50; Springfield, Hope Ch., Cheerful Workers, 5, Cradle Roll, 4.75, Mission Reserves (to const. L. M. Mrs. Lucius H. Moore), 25, Olivet Ch., Aux., 30, Park Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 5, 216 46

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Mary L. Pelkey, Treas., 30 Mt. Pleasant St., North Cambridge. Allston, Quint Ave., Jr. C. E. Soc., 20; Anburndale, C. E. Soc., 15; Boston, A Friend, 100, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 28.25, Park St. Ch., Jr. Aux., 30, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 25.60; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Beacon Lights, 17.56; Cambridge, Mrs. G. C. Simonds, 1, First Ch., Captains of Ten, 5, North Ave. Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 8, Young Ladies' Soc., 40, Pilgrim Ch., C. R., 6.03; Dedham, Aux. (of wh. Len. Off., 50.04), 63.10; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 8, Second Ch., Len. Off., 33.80, Village Ch., Aux. (of wh. Easter Off., 18), 19; Everett, Mystic Side, Ladies' Aid Soc., 5.85; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Dau. of Cov., 7, Jr. C. E. Soc., 17.25; Hyde Park, Aux., 62.65; Mansfield, Aux. (add'l Len. Off.), 5; Newton, Eliot Ch., Eliot Aux., 50; Newton Highlands, Aux., 7.50; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Gertrude T. Street), 39, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 12, Prim. Dept. S. S., 5, Young Ladies' Soc., 30; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux. (of wh. Len. Off., 16.85), 37.22, Prim. Dept. S. S., 6; Watertown, Phillips Ch., C. R., 10; Wellesley Hills, First Ch., Shadow Club, 25; West Newton, C. R., 9.96; West Roxbury, So. Evan. Ch., Aux., 26.45, C. R., 15.02; Wrentham, Aux., 8, 799 24

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Theodore Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Clinton, Pro Christo Bible Class, 5.88; Gilbertville, Aux., Len. Off., 11; Globe Village, Aux., Th. Off., 12; North Brookfield, First Ch., Aux., 5.25; Northbridge, Aux., 4; Rockdale, Aux., 47.62; Paxton, Aux., add'l, 40 cts.; Royalston, Aux., Len. Off., 1; Rutland, Aux., 6.35; South Royalston, Aux., Len. Off., 2; Upton, Aux., Len. Off., 77 cts.; Warren, Aux., Len. Off., 29.62; Webster, Aux., Len. Off., 10.50; Worcester, Bethany, Aux., Th. Off., 1.50; Plymouth, Aux., Th. Off. (50 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. George A. Smith and Mrs. Rufus M. Taft), 50.85; Union, Aux., 30, 218 74

Total, 2,716 96

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas., 99 Summit St., Pawtucket. Bristol, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 76.19, Infant Dept. S. S., 7.20; Little Compton, Prim. Class S. S., 1; Peace Dale, C. R., 6.42; Providence, Central Ch., Aux. (Mrs. Lydia A. Salisbury, 5, Mrs. La Villa, 1), 6, Girls' Mission Circle, 60, Free Evan. Ch., Aux., 19.75, Ply-

mouth Ch., Dau. of Cov., Len. Off., 3.25,
Jr. C. E. Soc., 1, North Ch., The Violet
Guild, 5; Saylesville, Prim. Dept. S. S.,
3; Woonsocket, Globe Ch., Ladies'
Union, 45,

233 81

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Bozrah, Aux., 10; Brooklyn, Aux., 16.13; Central Village, Aux., 7; Colchester, Boys' Mission Band, 5.25, C. R., 2, C. E. Soc., 5; Danielson, C. E. Soc., 5, Young Ladies' Mission Circle, 11; Franklin, S. S., 60 cts.; Greenville, Aux., 39; Hampton, Aux., 6.25; Hanover, Aux., 15.75; Jewett City, Aux., Easter Off., 3; Lyme, Aux., Easter Off., 11.50; New London, First Ch., Aux., 39.37, C. E. Soc., 11.82, Second Ch., Aux., 128.25, C. R., 11.22; Norwich, Broadway Ch., Aux. (of wh. Easter Off., 9), 464, C. R., 6.48, First Ch., Light Bearers Mission Circle, 6.08, Park Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. from Mrs. Mary R. Osgood to const. herself a L. M.), 37.75, C. R., 6.19, S. S., 25, Second Ch., Jr. Thistle-down Miss'n Cir., 5, Thistle-down Soc. and C. R., 10.35; Plainfield, Aux., 16.80, C. E. Soc., 5; Preston City, Aux., 19.76, C. E. Soc., 5; Putnam, C. R., 24.70, Sunbeams Mission Circle, 20; Taftville, Aux., 39.21, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3.50; Wauregan, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. J. Arthur Atwood), 25; Williams-ville, C. E. Soc., 3; Willimantic, Aux., 15; Windham, Aux., Four Friends, 20; Woodstock, East, Aux., 13, North, Aux., 21 40,

1,120 36

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Burnside, Aux., 5; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Jr. Circle, 15, Mission Club, 40, Farmington Ave. Ch., S. S., 54.48; New Britain, South Ch., C. R., 3.08; South Coventry, Aux., 12; West Hartford, Friends, 29,

158 56

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. Ansonia, Aux., 26, C. E. Soc., 41.15; Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., Bell M. B., 10, Holden Mem. Circle, 5, Park St. Ch., L. Prudden Cir., 10; Chester, Aux., 64.30; Cromwell, Aux., 58.90; Darien, Aux., 9; Deep River, Aux., 17; Derby, First Ch., Aux., 44.65, C. E. Soc., 46; East Haven, Aux. (125 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Amelia Street, Mrs. F. B. Street, Mrs. Charles Gerrish, Sen., Miss Lottie Street and Miss Mattie Pardee), 128, Gleaners, 20, Busy Bees, 25; Essex, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Walter E. Lamphear), 46.25; Guilford, Third Ch., Aux., 14; Mount Carmel, Aux. (to const. L. M's Miss Frances Beach and Mrs. Lyman H. Bassett), 50; New Haven, Center Ch., Y. L., 123.25, Grand Ave. Ch., Helpers, 20.28, Yale College Ch., Aux., 25.40; Seymour, Aux., 15; Stratford, Aux., 11.65; Waterbury, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kimball, deceased, 50, Second Ch., Aux., 34; Watertown, Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Florence Bassett and Mrs. Alice A. Gillette), 55; Westchester, Aux., 6.75; Wilton, Aux., 58; Winsted, Second Ch., Aux., 21.89; Redding, Aux.

(with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Miss Grace M. Boughton),

1,036 47

Total, 2,315 39

NEW YORK.

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Brooklyn, Central Ch., C. R., 4, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 5, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 35, Park Ch., C. E. Soc., 10, United Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Buffalo, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.50; Canandaigua, Aux., 95; East Bloomfield, Aux., 30.06; Lockport, East Ave. Ch., Aux., 4.05; Miller's Place, Mt. Sinai Ch., Aux., 10.10; Morristown, Aux., 3.65; New York, Bedford Park Ch., C. R., 11.66; Niagara Falls, Aux., 2; Northfield, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Alice E. Weed), 25, C. E. Soc., 7.05; Patchogue, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Philadelphia, Aux., 2; Poughkeepsie, Vassar College Christian Ass'n, 385; Riverhead, First Ch., Aux., 25; Spencerport, Aux., 2; Syracuse, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 19.65; Ticonderoga, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Watertown, Emmanuel Ch., Aux., 2; West Winfield, Dau. of Cov., 4.70, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4.07. Less expenses, 70.49,

628 50

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 80; Md., Baltimore, Ass'n Ch., Aux., 100; N. J., Jersey City, First Ch., Aux., 20; Montclair, First Ch., Y. W. M. S. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Harlan P. Beach and Mrs. E. T. Wilkinson), 143.25; Newark, Belleville Ave., M. B., 30, First Ch., Aux., 10; Nutley, Aux., 15; Orange Valley, Y. W. M. S., 28.47; Passaic, Aux., 12; Paterson, Aux., Th. Off., 7.70; Plainfield, Aux., 15; Upper Montclair, Aux., 33.50; Pa., Philadelphia, First Ch., Aux., 40; Va., Herndon, C. E. Soc., 13,

547 92

GEORGIA.

Atlanta.—Atlanta Univ., C. E. Soc., 12, Ch. of Christ, 18,

30 00

INDIANA.

Lowell.—Luke Co., Mrs. E. N. Marcy,

5 00

CANADA.

Cong. Woman's Board of Missions,

924 88

INDIA.

Madura.—Girls' Normal School, S. S.,

10 00

TURKEY.

Marash.—First Ch., S. S.,

80

Mardin.—Girls' School, C. E. Soc.,

8 80

Total, 9 60

Donations, 7,820 73

Specials, 199 16

Total, 8,019 89

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1904 TO JUNE 18, 1905.

Donations, 68,901 48

Specials, 2,322 91

Legacies, 16,768 85

Total, \$87,993 24

BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

President,

MISS LAURA M. RICHARDS,
Saratoga, Cal.

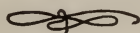


Foreign Secretary

MRS. C. W. FARNAM,
Fruitvale, Cal.

Treasurer.

MISS MARY McCLEES,
Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.



Report of the Foochow Kindergarten for the Year 1904

THE year 1904 has seen great progress in our kindergarten work in Foochow. Gradually the numbers crept upward until the attendance was doubled. Not only was there an increase in numbers but the good feeling of the parents was much more evident than ever before. It has been difficult to overcome the inertia of the mothers and impress upon them the importance of regular and prompt attendance at the kindergarten; but this difficulty, too, has been decreasing, and both the punctuality and the regularity of the pupils have shown improvement.

That the value of the kindergarten is gaining in the minds of the Chinese is shown by the fact that some effort is made on the part of the Chinese themselves to secure its advantages. At least a dozen children were sent in from the chapel at the Water Gate each morning. They were led through the streets by a large footed woman who was hired for the purpose by those who wished to send their children. This woman remained to look after her little charges, and enjoyed the time so spent quite as much as the children did.

Many incidents have shown that the stories, games, and songs of the kindergarten are fixing themselves in the minds of the children.

Little Dieng-dieng, a bright child of six, was asked if she was not afraid to sleep in a dark room alone. Without thinking she answered in the lines of the kindergarten song,—

“Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near,
God sees, God sees.”

"Why should I be afraid?" she asked in wonder. Very different indeed is the mental state of the heathen children whose darkness is peopled with evil spirits and hobgoblins, and in whose minds float fearful pictures of the terrifying idols seen in the temples everywhere about them.

The same little girl accidentally received an ugly cut upon her face and was taken to the hospital to have the wound dressed. While there she heard one of the hospital attendants remark that she would never be pretty again. This our wee kindergartner answered by saying: "God can use homely girls as well as pretty ones if their hearts are pure."

A little girl from a heathen family learned that Christians say grace before meals, so she, in advance of many older people, tried to live up to the best of her knowledge. A little brother and cousin were invited to join in the "prayer." After three small heads had deliberated for some time they decided to repeat, "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth! Good will to men!" As this appeals to them as the most beautiful thing which they know it is still doing service as the blessing.

And so these seed thoughts are planted, which are sure to develop and become a force for good in the children's lives, which all the evil surroundings of later years will be unable to crowd out.

The past year a transition school was taught in connection with the kindergarten. In our educational system there seemed to be no natural connection between the kindergarten and the day schools. It was a pity to send a child from the happy life of the kindergarten to the grinding toil of learning classes in a day school, under the instruction of a native teacher. Therefore, as the children advanced from the kindergarten, they were placed in classes suited to their age and ability and real primary work was done. Their number work was a joy to them rather than the usual grief and chagrin that accompanies an encounter with figures. The study of Chinese characters had all the interest of a game and was no longer mere drudgery. With sticks of different lengths they fashioned the picturesque symbols which every Chinese loves and reverences. "The eyes of the sages," as the Chinese characters are called, peered up from the tables of the primary classes glad to see that educational methods were improving even in China.

The first books to be learned were acquired so easily and thoroughly that the parents were surprised and thought that the virtue lay in the books and wished to buy the particular ones that had proved so helpful.

The drawing and clay modeling were periods of delight to the skillful fingers of the children. Water colors were also introduced and the work done was very creditable for the short time allotted to it. As the transition class continues the pupils will enter the day schools with a good foundation

for all their future work. In addition to the educational benefits the work is valuable from the fact that it keeps the children under the best Christian influences for a longer period, or until their habits are well fixed.

The girls under training for kindergarten teachers were nine in all—four seniors and five juniors. Both classes were genuinely interested in their work and entered into the kindergarten spirit in a way that makes work pleasure. The class of four which graduated at the end of the year was the first class of girls in all the great empire of China to finish a course of instruction in kindergarten work.

For three years they were under training and studied in general the same course as that of kindergarten schools in America. The following subjects were studied during the course: Kindergarten Gifts, Child Study, Education of Man, Life of Froebel and Pestalozzi, Stories and Games, Kindergarten Occupations, Clay Modeling, Kindergarten Sunday School Methods, Chalk Modeling, Drawing, Primary Teaching, Water Colors, Music.

These studies have opened up a new world to the girls. Interest in nature and the power to observe have been especially developed by the course. They have discovered that even the common things of nature are filled with beauty and interest to those whose eyes are open to see. And their love for little children has grown with the years that they have worked for and with them. Not the least has been the strengthening of the character of the girls as their patience and gentleness with the children and one another show. At commencement time a friend remarked to one of the graduates that she would like to study kindergarten work first, and then take up something more important later. "Oh, you would never be willing to do anything else if once you understood kindergarten principles," exclaimed the graduate. And this remark voices the feeling of the class.

This year has also seen the branching out into Sunday school work. In the summer some of the girls rented a tiny cottage on the mountains near where I have lived during the hot months. At this place there are many little villages tucked here and there among the ravines. The girls felt that they ought to do something for the swarms of half-clothed children that were about the doors of the miserable little hovels. After some time spent in making friends the children were invited to Sunday school. The first Sunday attendance numbered six. They were taught a song, told a Bible story and given a picture card.

Naturally the fame of the Sunday school spread. Six proud possessors of picture cards, who were ready to flaunt them in the faces of those who were so unfortunate as to have none, were a good advertisement to the Sunday school. The next Sunday saw a great increase in numbers. All went

merry as a heathen Sunday school should until the angry mothers missed the children and came down upon the gathering with bamboo sticks and whipped the screaming children home. Nevertheless, the Sunday school grew until the average number was twenty-five. No doubt it was the hope of a picture card that held many a wriggling mite of humanity to his seat when he was longing to get out and ride the buffaloes. When the summer ended the faithful twenty-five could tell many Bible stories as understandingly as a home child, and so very quaintly. It was with real regret that the girls left their sturdy little mountaineers to return to the city.

After commencement the girls had more time to give to supplementary work so they resumed Sunday school work, this time among the children of A-da-cang, a street near by which has been almost impervious to our efforts to get the children into the kindergarten. Visiting in the homes was begun again, and a little later the children of the street were invited to the home of a Christian who lived there. Two of the girls took a blackboard and some cards and went to the home of this Christian. The first Sunday there were twenty children, but the next Sunday there were seventy, and twelve mothers. The stories were so interesting that not only the children but the mothers also were glad to listen. How they do enjoy the songs and the learning of a short verse or prayer! The Sunday school is a little glimpse of paradise to them, in which the beloved picture card is not the least attraction. What satisfaction shows in the face of a small child as he takes a card in his two hands and gazes at his very own property! How well they remember the stories from week to week! To be sure these are the only stories they hear and because of the very newness are not forgotten. Chinese mothers have not learned the beautiful custom of bedtime story telling, because, poor things, they have nothing in their minds or experience to tell.

The picture cards are so useful in our work with children that I am impelled at this time to ask the home friends to remember us with cards of all kinds. The cards are dearly prized by the little folks. They are something from far away America, and also something to tack up in the main room for little brother to explain to visitors. Often a guest has never heard of a Sunday school, and he decides to peep in and see what such an organization is, and find out if this Jesus is really such a wonderful person as the children represent him. Many stories might be told of how a little child has lead the older ones to Christ.



IN the long run there is nothing fruitful but sacrifice ; because it is self-denial not luxury, love not violence, justice not ambition, which overthrow the world.

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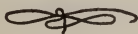
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Letter from Miss C. E. Chittenden

ING HOK, CHINA, January 25, 1905.

HERE in Ing Hok we think we have special reasons for thanksgiving. There has been much encouragement in the churches, the medical work, the girls' school and work with women. In the girls' school we had forty during the spring term and thirty-six this fall term.

Better than good numbers and good work was the deepening interest in the gospel story, and the greater readiness the girls showed in prayer at their Christian Endeavor meetings and in the Sunday evening prayer circles, which were begun in the spring. From the time she enters school every girl has a time of silent prayer for her home people just before going to bed, and we know from their whispered petitions that many pray earnestly who have not yet courage to pray aloud before others. But this term especially the girls have overcome their shyness, and their united prayer has been a great help to them and to us teachers. About Thanksgiving time we felt that several of the older girls were ready for church membership, and after the three older classes had studied the Church Covenant with us from Thanksgiving to Christmas we were greatly rejoiced by having eleven, all but three out of those classes, come forward to be examined for membership. Five were accepted and were received into fellowship at a special Communion service on the afternoon of Christmas Day. Others will be ready at Easter we hope.

A number of the women in the station classes wish to be received too, and I trust they may be before long, perhaps at Easter. They are understanding more and more that accepting Christ as Saviour and following him is a matter of everyday living, and of right hearts most of all, and that this new birth can come from him alone. The entrance of his word does give light, though the dawning sometimes seems so slow.

Last November at the annual meeting of the Foochow Christians of our church (really the Foochow Congregational Association) all who attended were greatly blessed through the ministry of Mr. Franson, a Swedish evangelist from Chicago. It was a genuine old-fashioned revival, and the greatest one our mission has experienced. The Ing Hok delegates came back full of new life and hope, and we trust that the fruits of the experience will show in their work more and more.

Gak-liang is the halfway place between Foochow and Ing Hok where the girls' school is to have temporary quarters this year and until the building is built and ready for our use.

The afternoon before I moved down from Ing Hok (two weeks ago to-day) I had the pleasure of marking W. B. M. I. on the trees as Mr. Smith and Pastor Ling blazed a boundary around our Canaan. The assistant teachers and I have called the land we so needed "Eng-hugi de" (the Promised Land) from the first. Late that evening Mrs. Smith called across to Doctor and me, "The land is ours!" And we rushed across from Doctor's study to Mr. Smith's to hear the good news and sing the Doxology. I wish you could have heard Mrs. Smith's prayer!

Then I went down to school and called up the two assistant teachers and we had another jubilee. I wish you could have seen their faces and heard their prayer for all who have done us this great service for Christ's sake. As I went down, passing by the window of the nearest teacher's room, I stopped and looked in a bit. She was not asleep and noticed my face at once. "What is it, Su-gu?" she said. "Do tell me what it is! There is so great, so great happiness in your face!"

Building will be no quick or easy process, but we will make as rapid progress as will be sure and I hope before long to be able to report plans. This is entirely new business for me. It is a great comfort to remember the special way God mentioned Bezaleel to Moses when the tabernacle was to be built, and the grace that was upon him for that work. I am sure that promise is just as sure for anyone who has a share in building for God's service now. Please pray that all of us who share in this work may be truly "wise hearted" because truly guided and controlled by the same spirit to prepare a place where many shall see the glory of God.

And now our great need is for more workers. Another teacher has been called for, and though the last word is that no one is yet in sight at the rooms, we are all sure God will call and bring out the one of his choosing in his own good time and way.



Letter from Miss Josephine Walker

PART I

SHAOWU, FUKIEN, CHINA.

You may wonder at receiving another letter so soon, but there is so much to be thankful for and I am in such a dear and restful place I want to enjoy it with someone. It is a delightful farming region, and the people are such simple, genuine folks. They capture my heart every time I come, and I have hard work finding enough again to go home with. When the children from the day school come and bid you good night, as they must go home, and when one little maid looks at you so happily and says she just loves to have you come and they cannot bear to have you go, something happens to you, for it is all so sweetly and simply done.

Some of the Christians who worship here have to come such a distance. Three women walked seven miles to-day to get here. One was an old lady of sixty-four with snow-white hair. Only a short time before, she had walked the same distance to join the church. Another one is sixty-two. She came with her little nine-year-old grandson. After morning service they were in my room, and just before going out, she put her hand caressingly on the little fellow and said, "Son, you must plead with your mother to be a Christian." "Yes," he said, and his sad little face brightened with—was it a new hope and trust? Has he found a Friend and Helper? His arm went up to grandma's neck and grandma patted him gently, and, well, I can't describe it. It was beautiful. That dear grandma had only just reached the place where she was willing to give up her Buddhist beads, and yet in the afternoon I heard her learning from one of the older Christians how to pray, and saying she was going to get her oldest daughter-in-law to follow Christ too. When I asked about her daughter-in-law she told me she was "dishonorable" and held out her little finger, which stands for volumes.

These ladies who had walked so far spent the night with the preacher's family. Two were planning to take me home with them the next day, but

Monday morning was rainy and as only one chair could be found, the younger one took it and rode home with me.

Lest I be delayed in reaching my destination that evening, she set about getting dinner ready as soon as she reached home, while her neighbors and friends crowded around me. They saw my pen "that didn't need ink" and my watch. They wished for a pattern of my gloves so that they might make some like them. "They would protect the hands so nicely when reaping the rice." But now the conversation turned on what I really came to China for. Two old ladies were especially interested and wanted to know if it was true that we need fear nothing at death if we worship God. But they continued after my answer, "You are not here, and we do not know the way. How shall we know where to go? Who will show us? There is no one." "God will show you. Jesus will come himself and meet you. He will prepare a home for you on the other side and come and take you to it." Then they thought they could not become Christians because they were so poor. They hadn't anything to give, and there was nothing they could do. They were good for nothing. I tried to make them see that that was just the kind Christ wanted, the weak, helpless, sorrowing and overburdened.

After awhile our talk turned on the "devils" whom they believe destroy their children. They are the terror and dread of Chinese mothers. When I told them they need have no fear of them while God was their Father, one of the old ladies turned with a startled look to a mother standing by and said, "She says you don't need to fear the devils if you worship God." Now the mother was interested. Was it true? "I'm so sad," she continued, "I have had five little boys and there are only two left. One went only a few days ago." Poor little mother! How different it was from anything she had ever heard, the good news that our Jesus loved little children; that he used to hold them in his arms and bless them when he was here on earth; that at death he took them to be with him and that she might follow him to that place and be forever with them. You could see how strange and new it all was to her. It seemed too good to be true. She could hardly comprehend, and yet when I showed her how simple the way to him was, "Oh!" she said, her eyes deep with wonder and looking off into a mysterious, world, "is that the way?" Then she sighed the sigh of a little child that had found its father.

Do you wonder that I love this country work and that I feel we must have more young ladies to do it? Only a little passing glimpse of those women—I may never have a chance to see them again. But the Spirit is not limited, and now that they have opened their heart a little mite, pray with me that he may abide.

PART II

I'm so thankful I'm not dead or sick abed, though I may have good reason to be. I must be what the Chinese here call a "dog-bone head." Such are supposed to have nine lives. I have been off on a "perfectly killing" trip for three weeks and a half. Had a delightful time and saw and encountered enough to fill six long letters. I started a letter to you while at Tainen, but dear me! it was so cold and the crowd around me kept me so busy taking off my gloves and hat, showing my stick pin and watch—all the children had to hear it tick—that the letter never got far along. Did you ever try writing a letter with fifty or a hundred people jammed around you asking questions? If so, you can understand why the letter didn't get finished during those two or three hours. Then it was cold, such a damp cold, it even made your bones numb. We had been having such warm weather before I started. The cold began the day I started, but that only made walking delightful, more delightful than riding in my chair. I stopped earlier than necessary at a quiet little village because I didn't want to go on to the next place, a large town of two or three thousand, as there was a certain man there who I was afraid would come weeping around me with all his family. He worked for me once but was so lazy. When a man can earn more at home by hard honest work, but is too lazy and proud, then I cannot see that I ought to pity them even though they are most starving. Nevertheless you cannot help but feel sorry for the children.

The place I did spend the night in was a quiet little place. My room was in the dust and cobwebs of the garret. When I arrived, there were several small children playing at theatricals, so in the evening I thought I would see if they would not enjoy some of our songs. They certainly did. I was so surprised for before I knew it, almost, they were singing too. We must have sung the first verse of "Jesus loves me" thirty times. If I sung something else they would stop me almost impatiently, for they wanted to learn that, so they might sing it themselves, and after I went to bed I could hear some trying to sing the chorus. The next morning I gave to each, one of the picture cards sent me, and that made their eyes dance.

The next day I reached our first chapel in a town of several thousand inhabitants. Several of our Christians were waiting for me, among them one of our schoolboys. There are several boys there who wish to come to our school, but we are not receiving a new class this year. However, one boy had studied up so well with our old scholar that I made an exception in his favor.

That evening I had a meeting with the Christians and others. After the meeting we had a sing. There must have been sixty or seventy in the room.

I had such a good time in every way. Several little folks were made so happy, too, by the cards, picture books and bags sent me.

The next day I went on to another church in another city of several thousand. It was only two miles distant. They almost feared I wouldn't come as the weather was so cold, snowing and raining. I stayed here over Sunday. It was at this place I tried to write you a letter. Most of the Christians and inquirers of this place live eight, ten and fifteen miles away, so that our audience Sunday had not many of those who attend regularly. Yet there were four or five who came long distances in spite of the cold rain and snow. One boy came fifteen miles.

The helper here thinks there is as much need for a resident missionary and young ladies as in some of the other places we are calling for. I asked how many villages in his field there were who had those who were interested in Christianity and came to church occasionally. So he began to name them off, those to the north, to the east, south and west, until he had named nearly sixty. I was surprised. I think it sounds rather shameful that a missionary on the field for four years should not know any more about the work than that. I had only been to the place once before and then only for over night.

As it was near the end of the year, it seemed best that I should notify the official and ask for two soldiers to escort me during the next two days' journey. They were promised, but when Monday morning came and it was snowing and hailing their courage evidently failed them, for a Yamen runner came to say that the soldiers were all out on business to other places and had not returned; if however, I was going he would hire someone to go along with me. I was going, so he went for his man and returned a few minutes later with such a specimen! He evidently belonged to the species thief, in ragged clothes, his queue a floating wisp of hair and no soldier's garment. Without that he was an irresponsible party, so we declined him and went on our way. That night I spent at an inn, a pleasant place with a very obliging landlady. I made her acquaintance the last time I was here. That time, though, there were folks downstairs gambling nearly all night so that sleep was rather impossible.

The next day the country was beautiful, every shrub and blade of grass was covered with ice, and out of the ice stuck some beautiful frost crystals, sometimes over an inch long. I never saw more beautiful frost work than the north side of one mountain where the trees and every blade of grass was a spear of ice, one and two inches through, with another inch of those frost crystals projecting out of the ice. Even the coolies thought it beautiful, and thought me rather amusing, though I exhibited my delight

rather moderately. It was nearly dark when I finally reached the Kien Nen chapel that evening—Tuesday.

There I spent the rest of the week for Saturday was New Year's, and the few days before the close of the year are such busy ones they hardly have time for receiving calls. Then, too, the weather was rather 'forbidding with rain and snow every day. Still I did make a few calls. One was on a young woman who, since her little daughter's death, has been prostrated with grief. She had lost the use of one eye with her weeping.

Oh, the women of Kien Nen! They must have some young ladies over there to help them. The two Bible women have done beautifully. I had two meetings with the women who attend our church. There were fifteen present and more than half of them could read the lesson with me. They are poor women who have to work hard to earn a cent and a half a day. Our Bible women have gone to them in their homes and taught them, and have gathered them together on Thursday for prayer meeting.

One woman suddenly finds her only child, a twelve-year-old daughter, taken from her, sold by her husband for fifty-six dollars, sold to be a slave girl and taken to distant parts. Their home had already been sold. The wife got our Christians in the place to buy it for a church. Now her husband would sell her, for he is weary of his wife. Such a sweet little woman she is too. Before he sold her she escaped to her mother's home at Kien Nen where our helper lives, and where her child was, but this was nearly New Year's time when a married daughter may not stay at her mother's house. It would bring bad luck. The family would surely lose all they have should she do so. Our preacher's family then received her, and he was trying to find some way of getting back her child, for the little mother was nearly sick with grief. Yet they are becoming freed. I had two meetings with them. There were fifteen present and more than half read the Bible lesson with me. My talks to them had to be interpreted by our helper's wife. She did so well too and held their interest. You could see she had won her way into their hearts. Two of the women whose husbands have become Christians are leading pure lives. The families are very poor and the women are working hard to earn a little by sewing and help piece out. Although so poor and having to work, still they are learning to read and have done good work, thanks to the faithfulness of our Bible women who go to their homes and teach them. They also gather together on Thursday and have a prayer meeting.

New Year's day I celebrated with our preacher's family and his sister's family. The last day of the year was a busy one in the kitchen. I sat in the corner of the range and fed the fire—in fact, I coveted that job nearly

every day as it was so cold and that was the warmest place. That day I not only tended the fire, but the baby also, who spent most of her time sleeping while I fed the fire, read a book and watched the various proceedings. Occasionally I would be told of some of the things they would have to do on that day were they not Christians. After all the things were cooked, I helped them enjoy their New Year's dinner, which they eat on New Year's eve.

Soon after reaching Kien Nen, I inquired about a boat as I wished to go down the river as soon as possible after New Year's. The sixth was the first luck day a boat could be persuaded to go, so I engaged to start on that day provided the weather cleared.

Monday the third day of the year I went on to another chapel of ours, where we have no preacher yet, but where our day school teacher conducts services. Li-sin is the name of the place. It is where the Christians bought that house from the little woman who had her daughter sold.

There was some talk of transferring our Kien Nen helper to another part of the field. The Christians over there were most distressed about it. Two came over with him at the time of the annual meeting to plead against it, when it should be brought up at annual business meeting. Why? The Christians over there have nearly completed a fine large church. Connected with it are also rooms for the preacher and three rooms for the missionaries to stay in when they come. They still lack money to finish off these rooms and plaster the outside of the church. They want to know if we cannot help them fifty dollars. They have already been helped three hundred, yet they themselves have given a thousand. It is really wonderful what that preacher has accomplished.



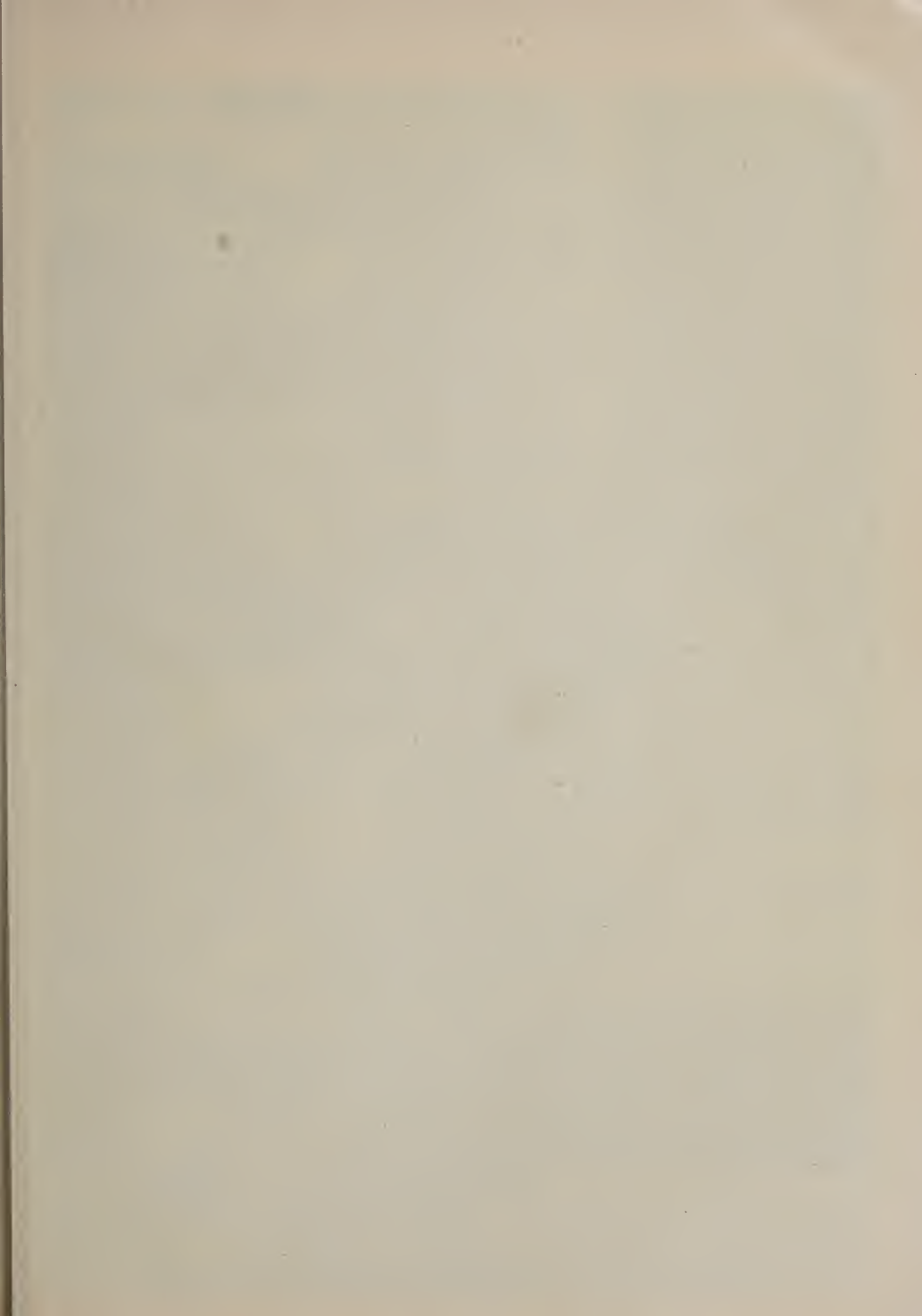
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COLORADO	130 71	CHINA	10 00
ILLINOIS	2,085 24	MISCELLANEOUS	13 14
INDIANA	41 87		
IOWA	626 12	Receipts for the month	\$4,986 57
KANSAS	114 94	Previously acknowledged	39,645 61
MICHIGAN	309 50		
MINNESOTA	170 68	Total since October, 1904	\$44,632 18
MISSOURI	78 67		
NEBRASKA	149 86		
OHIO	765 98		
OKLAHOMA	59 15		
SOUTH DAKOTA	72 00		
WISCONSIN	325 71	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
NEW YORK	10 00	Receipts for the month	\$107 05
AFRICA	5 00	Previously acknowledged	1,916 06
JAPAN	18 00	Total since October, 1904	\$2,023 11

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